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Enceladus.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for August.]

Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear,
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise!"

Translated for this Journal.

A Musical Cenacle.

[The following clever piece of irony we translate from the French of OSCAR COMETANT, in *Le Siecle*, for July 26, 1857. The word *Cenacle* means literally the chamber in which the Last Supper was held. We might perhaps render the title of the piece: "A Musical Close Communion."]

Romanticism in music has given place of late to various systems of composition, which it is not our province to examine in a musical point of view, but which it is curious to signalize under the head of philosophical curiosities, and as a little appendix to the great history of the eccentricities of the human mind.

For the artists who attempt a musical reform in Germany, musical Art is yet in its limbo. Deceiving themselves about their vocation, these men take their febrile exaltation for inspiration, and their vagabond imagination for the creative faculty. Thus it is they throw themselves with blind enthusiasm into new and impossible paths, imagining that genius guides them. But genius is rare; it is composed of more than one precious element. The most precious of all is certainly good sense; and good sense is precisely what

these impotent renovators of the art of Beethoven and Rossini lack. The special creative faculty is — pardon the boldness of the comparison — as it were the primeval matter, which good sense must fashion and co-ordinate, measuring it by the force of our sentiments, according to the universal principles of taste. If the property of genius be, essentially, to reach the supreme end fixed in all kinds by different sorts of emotions, it is practically the fate of imagination, and even of the creative faculty, where good sense is wanting, to overstep the end in running after the ideal.

Imitation of all the phenomena of nature seems to be the principal end of the new German school. But if imitation is the common principle of the Fine Arts generally, it still does not follow that all which the imagination can represent to itself has really to do with music. In poetry, ideas awaken feeling; in music, on the contrary, it is feeling which gives birth to ideas. Like painting, properly so called, the art of sounds addresses itself to the senses before striking the imagination; and the music, which does not agreeably affect our hearing, can neither seduce our heart nor inspire our brain. All in music has to please to be complete, and the last effort of the art is to unite grace to even terror, the charm of melody (the element of expression *par excellence*) to the painting of sentiments and passions, to the imitation of all the pictures accessible to musical painting. For music is a painting, a moving and sonorous painting which we see (so to speak) with the ear, and of which the grandest marvel is, as Jean Jacques Rousseau has said, the power of forming even the image of repose.

But in order to act more intimately upon us, music must excite the affections which are peculiar to its domain, and by the sense proper to itself. More limited than poetry, which has no limits but those of the imagination, music, like painting, narrows its power to our senses, always with this difference that painting represents objects directly, whereas music only induces in the soul the various emotions we experience in contemplating objects. To wish, as our present reformers pretend, to make an abstraction with combined sounds, is to go out of the natural limits of music; and consequently to misconceive this art and weaken it. They abjure, they say, the false doctrines followed to this day by all the masters, and pretend to dwell in all the splendors of truth. All in good time; but if, as Bacon has said, truth has this special characteristic, that, once demonstrated, all the world believe that they already knew it, then the founders of the "Music of the Future" are far enough from the truth, which they say that they have found, for their anti-melodic system is very fortunately rejected and unrecognized by all people of taste.

At the head of these prophets of musical Art, we must place Liszt, who has voluntarily abdicated the sceptre of the piano, to make himself a composer and chief of a school. Liszt, who lives at Weimar in a princely house, has made himself

the centre of a constellation of composers more or less extravagant, among whom we must cite Wagner, Schumann, Raff, Bülow, Joachim; and then the literary propagandists of the new school, Hoplit and Brendel. These artists, and several more besides, formed some time since a musical *cénacle*, where they discussed the present and the future of music. Exile has driven Wagner away from Weimar, and death has snatched Schumann from the admiration of the *cénacle*. "A star is extinguished in the musical firmament, that has penetrated our soul," said Liszt, over the half-open tomb of his friend. So true it is that Liszt is above all an astronomer, who has been twenty times upon the point of surprising the mysterious laws of the universe in an accord of the seventh of the third species inverted in a certain fashion.

Yes, Schumann is an irreparable loss for Weimar, which, we may presume, will never be consoled.

This is not saying that Schumann was a perfect musical organization; is there any thing perfect in this world? No, Schumann, like the sun, had spots which tarnished his genius. Would that I could forget how this musician "of the Future" often charmed the Present by melodies full of grace and freshness, and that I could only cite his grand conceptions wherein he has shown himself so utterly devoid of melody, so diffuse, so incoherent, so false, so astronomical, so philosophical, so physician-like even, and in short so worthy of the close communion of which he formed a part!

Ah! truly, when one knows what passes at Weimar, one cannot help smiling at the *naïveté* of vulgar amateurs, who still, at Paris, day by day applaud the works of Rossini, of Meyerbeer, of Auber, and of Halévy. Thank God! it is not now a question, here below, of these composers, any more than it is of Beethoven.

This dear Beethoven, it must be confessed, has had his day, even at Weimar; but, with the exception of his last works, obscure enough to merit some attention, the *cénacle* to-day rejects both Beethoven and Mendelssohn as barbarians.

Berlioz himself, notwithstanding that he never passed for one of those melodists run mad, like Rossini, Bellini, Auber, Donizetti, Hérold and so many others, no longer enjoys at Weimar, in spite of his fine and brilliant orchestral quantities, more than a very much mitigated estimation. They find him too clear, too logical, too sober and abstemious in effects, and, if it must be said, too much a melodist and not enough an astronomer. They reproach him with plodding along in the path of that romantic school, so completely left behind to-day, which had Weber and Beethoven for its chiefs. If Weimar ever could have cherished any illusion with regard to Berlioz, the recent election of this master to the Institute, along with a whole batch of melodists, would have quite sufficed to dissipate it.

And remark that the melodists are incorrigible musicians who do not even try to correct them-

selves. It really seems that the more melodies they make, the more facility they have of creating new ones. Do you want an opera, a ballet, an overture, a trio, a duo, or a simple romance? They turn a certain invisible stop-cock, and the melody inundates the ruled paper.

Very fine, messieurs! you practice there a much too easy trade; and, as a composer of the Weimar school once said to me of such scores as "The Barber of Seville," one might write such all day long if he wished, but he does not wish to. Rossini, they say, made "The Barber" in eighteen days; they work more seriously than that in the Grand Duchy.

This is the way one prepares himself for composition when one wants to write anything at Weimar:

First, he nourishes his mind sufficiently by learned readings on theology, on metaphysics, on zoology, on pathology, on cosmology, on photography, on the different calcareous strata, on physiology, on mineralogy, on the anatomy of melancholy, on geography, on botany, on the mathematics, on politics, on the laws of the attraction and ponderability of bodies, on medicine, on magnetism, on the rapping spirits; then he suspends these readings and begins to seek.

He seeks sometimes a great while, but he always ends with finding something very profound and as little melodious as possible.

You will ask me, perhaps, why these readings upon all the phenomena of physical and moral nature, when the question is only of a charming art, whose end is to please by combinations of sounds agreeable to the ear and interesting for the heart. Music a charming art! Know then, that this art has a wholly different end, and that it must be anything rather than agreeable to the ear, according to the doctrines of the *cénacle* at Weimar.

Since Wagner, music has ceased to exist as an independent art, and must only be considered as a simple ornament of poetry. Thus the author of *Tannhäuser* is very careful, in his formless melodies, never to repeat the same word twice; and he conforms himself in all points to the rules of pure declamation, at the expense of melodic charm and of the obliged return of musical periods. This deplorable system has the effect of weakening poetry by robbing it of the precision of the spoken word, without adding any charm to music, which it reduces to the simple rôle of recitative.

Schumann does not make it a point, like Wagner, to place but one note over each syllable; he proceeds by demi-tints and by silences. He promenades his fingers over the key-board of the piano as a cat would her paws; 'tis a soft way, but false. Then, at the very moment when you least expect it, a singer, whom one might have taken for a simple listener, so modest in his part, pronounces a few words stamped with a sombre melancholy; as, for example:

Poète délaissé dans un monde éternel,
Je chante et veux aimer une image de l'ombre.
Pauvre fou que je suis! ma voix sous ce tunnel
S'aspire et souffre en vain. . . . Evellina! je sombre.
Ombre . . . sombre . . . ombre . . . sombre.

And the cat's paw, after these words, continues still to promenade for some time on the key-board, always soft, but always false. Then, without the least presentiment on your part, the music ceases. No one would divine aught in it, with the exception of the members of the *cénacle*

of Weimar, who see in this enigmatical melody a whole new world of philosophy and of love. Liszt proceeds differently. It is in successions of impossible chords and in effects of painting, or rather of the musical diorama, that he seeks to discover the musical America which the fog hides from his eyes.

Once, but a short time since, Liszt had executed a cantata of his composition in honor of I know not whom. Having reached a certain passage where the singer, with an accent of despair, uttered these words: "Lost in immensity"! the musician, admirably served by his strong studies in liturgies, in physics, metaphysics and astronomy, did not fail to profit by so fine an opportunity to show the whole extent of his scientific knowledge.

At the word *immensity*, the orchestra was silent, with the exception of two notes prolonged as an organ-point. One of these notes was the very deepest sound of the trombone, the other was the most acute sound of the octave flute. What an admirable inspiration! and tell me if it is possible to imagine any thing more *extended* to express immensity, which has no limits? Ah well! the public, instead of admiring this proceeding of an irrefragable logic, found it puerile, unworthy of the art of music, which is not algebra, and began to smile instead of applauding. Liszt contented himself, as always, with casting a glance of pity upon his auditors, and continued none the less the noble mission which he has imposed upon himself, of enlightening the German people, in spite of themselves, upon the true music and its true end.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Handel Festival.

(From the *Athenæum*, July 2.)

"From strength to strength" might be the device for the title-page of the record of this musical gathering, which we hope will be prepared, if merely to show the world of Art at large how our "shop-keeping England," so perversely misunderstood among the nations, can glorify those Poets whom she delighteth to honor. We will leave to our neighbors pre-eminence in the words to be spoken on musical subjects, claiming to ourselves, and not unjustly, the palm of "deeds." This in continuation of the remarks with which last week's notice closed.

The success of "Israel" yesterday week surpassed expectation. If we do not dwell on every chorus—whether in the first act, that of "The Plagues," or the second, that of the "Song of Moses," the two making the most marvellous piece of patchwork in being—it is because we will not weary by reiteration. One point, however, must be insisted on. It having been, of course, impossible to rehearse the entire music of the three concerts, this day fortnight Signor Costa wisely restricted himself to the most salient and interesting portions of "Israel," leaving untouched those Chorus in Handel's Sacred Jewish Oratorio—which are not Handel's own—the dry and scholastic pages, which he pillaged from the church books of the Italians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Yet, strange though true, the grave, not to say tiresome, choruses in question, through which nothing but strict singing in time and tune could carry the singers, were rendered as perfectly, with little exception, by the composite mass of choristers as the "Hailstone Chorus" or "The Horse and his Rider." The progress in execution which this argues must strike every musical thinker. He need not now despair, except he be stricken in years, of hearing the grand compositions of Palestrina executed on the grandest scale, in England, as unimpeachably as they were in the *Capella Paolina*, for which they were written. This "Israel" performance has, more than ever, convinced us that there is nothing to which England may not aspire,

so far as precision and sentiment in the highest musical execution are concerned. The "Hailstone Chorus" was, of course, *encored*: though a dozen choruses equally merited the distinction; so was the duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," given by Signor Belletti and Mr. Weiss; so was Mr. Sims Reeves, in his *bravura* "The Enemy said." The other *solo* singers were Madame Novello, Mlle. Lemmens Sherrington and Miss Dolby. More triumphantly a festival could not have been brought to an end. Should the Crystal Palace, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and Signor Costa last—for under any other conductor whom we have ever known must such a scene have become one of hopeless confusion—there can be no reason why, on some future day, it may not be repeated; and, though not as a centenary performance, no doubt with reference to Handel, since he alone among composers is equal to fill so vast an arena.

A word or two might be added regarding the Handel relics, the MSS. from Her Majesty's library and M. Scholcher's collection, the portrait engravings of the composer's assistants or contemporary artists, the battered old harpsichord on which he used to play, exhibited at the tropical end of the building. But these, albeit treasures, have most, if not all, of them been already seen, described, and commented on. No want, by the way, has there been of revival and disinterment of Handel relics elsewhere than in the Crystal Palace—to name but two, the Saxon composer's pedigree, printed on a broad sheet, under the auspices of Dr. Chrysander, and "Handel receiving the Laurel from Apollo," an anonymous English poem, date 1724, a new edition of which, under the care of the same indefatigable editor, has been given out from the Leipsic press. There is no more chance of coming to the end of memorials, glosses, illustrations in Handel's than there is in Shakespeare's case.

That which went on in the garden after the performances were over, must not be wholly overlooked. Some of Handel's music was played—such as his "Firework Music," "Water Music," &c.—by a powerful military band. There are enough of "tunes" in the Giant's works to furnish out *programmes* for a year, not a week,—*musettes*, *bourrées*, marches, (in particular, remembering the one from "Alcides"), minuetts (foremost among which is the well-known movement from "Ariadne," so dear to the aristocratic bear-leader in "She stoops to conquer"), *garottes*, (naming especially that from "Alcina"). Even this wind music in the open air, though, natural enough, it passed unperceived by the larger number of the audience, who were unable "to eat more," after a banquet so royal as that on which they had been feasting, spoke with a trumpet's voice to the amazing fertility and variety of the master: whose huge mass of opera music, (let it be noted in continuation), was not drawn on throughout the week. This, if the promoters of the Handel College really desire earnestly to do something in illustration of the composer, is a field which it were wise for them to work in, if only in discreet avoidance of comparison.—On Wednesday and Friday, we perceive, the choristers, after the Oratorio was over, chose to sing one body after another—idyl-fashion—in the open air, thus genially winding up the most splendid musical week that London has ever seen.

From the Musical World, July 2.

To say that the performance of *Israel in Egypt* was the grandest and most powerful ever heard, is to say no more than what was anticipated by every one, from the picked and gigantic forces under the direction of Mr. Costa's *bâton*, and the immense pains taken to arrive at the best results. Never was so mightily a phalanx seen, so obedient to the dictates of a slender wand. The voices were as one voice, that gave music in thunder, and spoke with one will. Once or twice, indeed—where the fugues in double chorus, or eight parts, were more than usually complicated and elaborate—the execution was hardly irreproachable, and the ear was not perfectly gratified. Here, however, end all exceptions. The rest is praise, and of the very highest. It would be next

to impossible to decide which section of the grand choir was most entitled to eulogy. Now the sopranos put in their claim; the altos now; again the tenors spoke for favor; and anon the basses pleaded for supremacy. As might have been guessed, the greatest effect was produced in the choruses, "He spake the word," and "He gave them hailstones," the last being encored. We are not going to specify all the grand points in the choral performances of *Israel in Egypt*. Indeed they may be said to have commenced with the first chorus, and terminated with "The horse and his rider."

The solo displays, as far as possible, went hand in hand with the choral. Mr. Sims Reeves sang transcendently. He literally surpassed himself. His execution of "The enemy said" was the great vocal feat of the Festival. It even went beyond "Sound an alarm," in *Judas Maccabæus*. Madame Clara Novello sang splendidly; Miss Dolby won golden opinions by her chaste and expressive singing; and Madame Lemmens Sherrington, in the duet with Madame Clara Novello, her only performance of the day, was perfect in every way. Signor Belletti and Mr. Weiss are no less entitled to a strong word of commendation for their powerful vocal aid, more particularly in the popular duet, "The Lord is a man of war," which they declaimed with such stentorian lungs, as to elicit a loud and general encore.

We may state, in conclusion, that the National Anthem was performed by the full choir and principals, before and after the performance, Madame Clara Novello taking the solos; that the members of the Royal Family were enthusiastically cheered on their entrance, and at their departure; and that, when all was over, a cry arose of "Costa" from the mighty multitude; and that the zealous and indefatigable conductor came forward to make his acknowledgments, and was received with deafening acclamations.

(From the Times.)

SECOND DAY.

That the Dettingen "Te Deum" would prove attractive we predicted all along; and after the magnificent performance of yesterday scarcely a doubt can remain that it is one of the most effective, no less than masterly of Handel's numberless productions. The fifth and last setting of the "Te Deum Laudamus," the Dettingen anthem, is, perhaps, the noblest piece of Protestant church music extant, and derives a special interest from the fact of its having been written to commemorate the last occasion recorded in history of an English king commanding an army in the field. It seems probable that Handel composed it, not to order, but in compliment to his steady patron, George II., inasmuch as it was begun (July, 1743) almost immediately after the news of the victory had arrived, and completed before His Majesty's return to England. The general style of the "Te Deum" presents a felicitous blending of the heroic and devotional; military instruments are allotted a prominent position in the score, and the warlike and religious aspirations go everywhere hand in hand. In short, it is just what a thanksgiving for victory should be, and may be cited as one of the many examples of Handel's extraordinary power of identifying himself with the subject he had to treat. That some of the themes of the choruses were borrowed from a forgotten anthem by Francisco Urio (a Venetian composer of the 17th century) detracts nothing from the merit of Handel, who, like Shakespeare, turned everything he touched into gold. The evidence of genius is manifest from the first chorus, "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord," to the last, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded"—either of which is fully worthy to occupy a conspicuous place in any work of the composer. The Dettingen "Te Deum" was a wise choice on the part of the Festival Committee, not only on account of its intrinsic musical excellence, but because, just now, it is admirably suited to the temper of the times. The executants seemed to be conscious of this, if we may judge by the enthusiasm with which they performed their tasks. The anthem made a profound impression, and no wonder, for, often as it has been given in this country, no previous essay can bear the slightest comparison with the present truly grand performance. The only instances of unsteadiness exhibited by the multitude of singers and players were in "Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven"—a florid and difficult chorus, which might give some trouble even to an ordinary

choir—and "We worship Thy name ever, world without end"—a five-part fugue, written with wonderful clearness, but demanding the utmost promptness in taking up the points. The opening of this chorus, "Day by day we magnify Thee," moreover, was taken so quickly as to disconcert in some measure both the singers and the trumpeters, at the head of the latter being Mr. T. Harper, whose playing in the bass solo, "Thou art the King of Glory," and elsewhere, was the theme of universal praise. All the rest was superb, and most superb of all "To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry," which stands only second to the "Hallelujah," although much less extended in plan and much less elaborate in detail than that incomparable piece. The effect of the passage in which the measured and majestic sentence, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," alternately given by altos, trebles, and basses, is mingled with the incessant reiteration of the phrase (so essentially Handelian) "continually do cry," was nothing less than astounding, the decision and sharpness with which either point was delineated being as remarkable as the dignity and grandeur of the whole in combination. The semichorus for altos, tenors, and basses, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," was sung with exquisite delicacy, and afforded particular occasion to note the strength and efficiency of the "alto" department, usually the least satisfactory in the choral orchestra. Here the improvement on the festival of 1857 is undeniable. The division into male and female voices (contraltos and altos), and the admixture of boys from the cathedral choir, is a manifest advantage where Handel is concerned. In modern compositions the contralto or second soprano almost invariably suffices; but in Handel's oratorios and church music the co-operation of the male alto is indispensable. The solos in the "Te Deum" were entrusted to Signor Belletti, who delivered them all in a most artistic manner, especially distinguishing himself in the prayer, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin," evidently the source whence Mendelssohn derived that pathetic inspiration, "O God have mercy," in *St. Paul*—identity of key being accompanied by similarity in style and expression that could not possibly have been accidental. To conclude, the Dettingen "Te Deum" was an unquestionable success; and though we might feel disposed to quarrel with Mr. Costa for certain liberties taken with the score (as for example when he adds a bass, where Handel did not intend one—in the symphony at the end of the chorus, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," &c.), we cannot but thank him heartily for so fine an execution of a composition which, frequently as it has been heard, has never till now been given with a degree of correctness and effect at all proportionate to its excellence.

Our correspondent, "One of the Choir," who, objecting to applause at concerts of sacred music, apparently entertains a notion that those who attend them are doing nothing less than taking part in an act of worship, must have had his sensibilities greatly shocked by the demonstrations that accompanied the second part of yesterday's performance. Never, even at a theatre, was the delight afforded by beautiful music and admirable execution expressed with more unfeigned heartiness. One piece after another was heard with rapture and applauded with enthusiasm. A happier selection could not have been made, four of the richest oratorios—*Belshazzar*, *Saul*, *Samson*, and *Judas Maccabæus*—respectively contributing some of their choicest treasures. From *Belshazzar*, (composed two years later than the *The Messiah*) we had the long accompanied recitative "Rejoice my countrymen" (well declaimed by Mr. Weiss), in which Daniel expounds to the people Isaiah's prophecy of deliverance, followed by the very fine chorus, "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it," terminating with the "Hallelujah!—Amen," to which due tribute was paid in the report of Saturday's rehearsal. Never, perhaps, was this chorus better executed, never more warmly received. From *Saul* (an oratorio which directly preceded *Israel in Egypt*) two masterpieces were chosen: the chorus, "Envy! eldest-born of hell!"—a masterpiece of profound expression and elaborate treatment, and the Dead March which precedes David's lamentation for the deaths of Saul and Jonathan—a masterpiece of unaffected simplicity. That the last—in spite of (or possibly in consequence of) the imitation of cannon, so zealously accomplished by Mr. Chipp on those gigantic drums—should elicit a unanimous encore was not at all surprising; it is a march familiarly known to the whole world of musicians and amateurs, and calculated to enlist the sympathies (for very different reasons) both of the initiated and uninitiated. But that the same honor should be paid, and with equal unanimity, to the choral apostrophe to "Envy," set by Handel in one of his severest as sublimest moods,

was a signal triumph for good taste. The execution, it is true, was so perfect that whatever the great musician had imagined was thoroughly realized; but this, while conferring distinction on the performers, vocal and instrumental, took nothing from the credit due to a vast assembly ready to admire and able to appreciate music wherein the highest and purest ends of art are attained. The oratorio of *Samson*, which came immediately after *The Messiah*, as *Saul* came immediately before *Israel in Egypt*, and stands much in the same relation to *The Messiah* as *Saul* to *Israel*, was taxed for some of the most attractive features in the miscellaneous part. The magnificent chorus, "Fix'd in his everlasting seat"—in which Israelites and Philistines contend for the supremacy of their respective deities, and the jubilant hymn, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," constituted the Alpha and Omega of this rare selection. Both were grandly executed, and both created an unmistakable impression. The solo pieces were not less happy. "Return, O God of hosts"—a song for contralto, evidently modelled on the plan of "He was despised" (*Messiah*)—was given to perfection by Miss Dolby, whose reading was as chaste as her vocalization was correct; and the effect was enhanced by the emphatic delivery of the chorus, "To dust His glory they would tread," which forms an inseparable pendant to the air. Another encore was obtained by "Let the bright Seraphim," in which it was not easy to decide whether to award the palm to Madame Novello, the singer, or to Mr. Harper, whose execution of the very difficult accompaniment for the trumpet surpassed even what was remembered of his father, renowned at one time as the greatest performer on the instrument. While recording the success of "Let the bright Seraphim," however, we must protest against the custom of omitting the repetition of the first part, and equally against the prolongation of the cadence for voice and trumpet, which, if not of comparatively modern origin, is more likely the work of one of Handel's copyists than of Handel himself. In one instance the design of the composer is frustrated, in the other the purity of his text is injured. After all these fine pieces one might have thought a long selection from *Judas Maccabæus* superfluous. Not so the audience. The first chorus, "O Father, whose Almighty power," was somewhat grave under the circumstances; but the famous war-song of Judas, "Sound an alarm," preceded by the recitative "My arms!" and followed by the stirring chorus, "We hear, we hear," created a new excitement. Perhaps no other singer than Mr. Sims Reeves could have raised such enthusiasm at so late an hour, and after a feast of music ample and varied enough to satiate the most exorbitant appetite; but there was a vigor, fire, and animation in his performance which nothing could resist; and, however unwilling, Mr. Costa was obliged, in the end, to yield to the general desire, and repeat the air and chorus. "From mighty Kings," by Madame Novello; the duet, "O, never, never bow we down" (Madame Rudersdorf and Miss Dolby); the chorus, "We never, never will bow down," with its *canto fermo* and fugue on the words, "We worship God, and God alone" (another colossus); and lastly, the trio, semi-chorus, and chorus, "See the conquering hero comes,"—than which Handel never wrote anything the freshness of which is more perennial or the popularity more universal—brought to a termination with undiminished brilliancy one of the most varied and interesting performances of sacred music ever listened to. The beginning was worthy of the end; the trio was admirably given by the three ladies already named; the semi-chorus (of female voices) was charming in its brightness and purity of intonation; and the full chorus was overpowering. Thus another martial piece,—a song of triumph,—made a suitable climax to a concert which had set out with a thanksgiving for victory.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 132.)

No. 22.

Mozart the elder to M. Hagenauer.

The Hague, December 12, 1763.

Alas! our dear Wolfgang has had an equally sharp attack. A high fever has reduced him to an equally wretched state for several weeks. Patience! What God sends must be accepted. I can do nothing at present, but until his strength allow him to travel. There is no need to trouble about the expense. The devil may take the money, so that he leaves us our bones! Without altogether a special grace from God, my children could never have surmounted these two serious illnesses, and we could not have borne up through these three mortal months. Pray have said, as soon as possible, ten masses in

our behalf. The illness of our children has greatly afflicted all our friends; who these friends have been I could not enumerate, for you would take me for a braggart.

Although during our stay at Amsterdam all public amusements were strictly interdicted on account of the fast, we were authorized to give two concerts, because (these are the terms of the pious decision given on the matter,) the knowledge of the marvels which God is working through my children redounds to the glory of the Lord. Nothing accordingly was played but the instrumental music of Wolfgang.

No. 23.

The Same to the Same.

Paris, May 16, 1766.

After not writing to you for a long time, and only supplying you with intelligence of us through friends, I again take up the pen.

We returned from Amsterdam to the Hague on the 11th of March, for the anniversary of the Prince of Orange, and there our little composer was requested to write six sonatas for the piano, with violin accompaniment, for the Princess of Nassau Weilburg. They were engraved forthwith. In addition to this we have had to compose something for the Prince's concert, besides airs for the Princess, &c. I send you all these things, and, among others, variations which Wolfgang had to write all in a hurry—first on an air composed for the coming of age and installation of the prince; and secondly, on a melody which in Holland everybody sings, hums, or whistles. They are mere trifles. You will find, also, my instruction book for the violin in the Dutch language. It was translated to do me honor, dedicated and presented to the prince on the celebration of his installation. The edition is a very fine one; the editor (from Haarlem) came and presented it to me in the most respectful manner, accompanied by the organist, who invited Wolfgang to come and play the celebrated Haarlem organ, which he accordingly did the next day. This organ is a superb instrument, with sixty-eight stops; it is entirely of tin. In this damp country wood will not last.

We made an excursion to Malines, where we found our old acquaintance the archbishop, and a lodging all prepared, through the attention of our friend Grimm.

To return just now straight to Salzburg would be too hard a matter for my children and for my purse. More than one will have to contribute to our expenses who little suspect it at this moment.

No. 24.

The Same to the Same.

Paris, June 9, 1766.

Next week we shall return to Versailles, where twelve days ago we spent four entire days. We had the honor of receiving in our house the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. He is a very agreeable man, an amiable and handsome gentleman; immediately on his entrance he asked me if I was the author of the violin method.

No. 25.

The Same to the Same.

Munich, November 19, 1766.*

We stayed four weeks at Lyons. We did not enter Geneva, which was in a great state of agitation. At Lausanne it was our intention to stay only a few hours, but alighting from the coach we found the servants of Prince Louis of Wurtemberg, who invited me to remain five days. The prince accompanied us to the coach, and there I was obliged, being already stowed in my place, to promise, as I shook hands with him, that I would write to him often and give him an account of how matters stood with us. I will not here impart to you all the reflections which suggested themselves to me on the diversity of opinion which is the result of the weakness of the human mind. From Lausanne we went to Berne, where we stayed a week, then to Zurich for a fortnight. This last stay was rendered very agreeable by the presence of two savans, MM. Gessner; but, on the other hand, our parting was painful. We carried away with us valuable memorials of their friendship. Thence through Winterthur to Schaffhausen, with another agreeable stay for four days. Thence to Donaueschingen. The prince received us with extraordinary graciousness. There was no necessity to announce our arrival. We were being looked for with impatience, and the musical director, Counselor Martelli, came directly to bid us welcome and invite us. We stayed there twelve days. Every evening from five to nine there was music, and each time new. Had not the season been so far advanced we should not have been allowed to depart. The prince gave me twenty-four louis, and a diamond ring to each of my children. He shed tears in bidding us

adieu, and all of us were in tears. He also begged that I would write to him often. We then took leave and passed through Moskirschen, Ulm, Günzburg and Dillingen, where we stayed two days, bringing away two rings, presents from the prince. The day before yesterday we reached this place. Yesterday we paid a visit to the Elector during his dinner. He gave us a gracious reception. Wolfgang had immediately to compose, at a corner of the prince's own table, a piece the first bars of which the Elector sang him. After dinner he was made to play it in the prince's closet. The astonishment of every one at seeing and hearing all this may be easily conceived.

No. 26.

The Same to the Same.

Munich, November, 22, 1766.

It is of importance that at home I should have a mode of life suitable to my children. God (that God who is so good to me notwithstanding my evil disposition) has bestowed on my children talents which, leaving paternal duty out of the question, would impel me to sacrifice everything for their education. Every moment lost by me is lost for ever, and if ever I have felt how precious is time in the season of youth, it is at the present moment. You know my children are accustomed to work. Should they be able to find any excuse for self-neglect or the habit of idleness in the existence of outward hindrances with respect to lodgings or anything else, the whole of my edifice would crumble. Habit is an iron road, and you are not unaware yourself how much Wolfgang has to learn. Now who can say what is in store for us at Salzburg? May we not perhaps be received in such wise that we may quickly again take up our traveller's staff? I shall at least have brought my children back, with God's assistance, to their native land. Should they not be wanted I shall have done my duty. They shall not, however, be had for nothing.†

No. 27.

Vienna, September 22, 1767.‡

I have nothing as yet to inform you of, unless it be that we are well. Thank God! and this alone is worth the postage.

Hasse's opera is very fine, but the singers are not worth much. Signor Tibaldi is the tenor; Signora Raucini, from Vienna, is the best contralto here; prima donna Signora Deiberin, daughter of the Viennese violinist, attached to the Imperial musical corps. The dances are perfect. The principal personage is the celebrated Vestris.

Her Imperial Highness, the Princess Josepha, betrothed to the King of Naples, has just been seized with small pox, which makes a hitch in our reckoning, and prevents our playing at the court for the present.

No. 28.

The Same to the Same.

October 17.

The royal betrothed one is henceforward the betrothed of the celestial bridegroom.

Forget not to pray for us, for did not God watch over us we should be in the worst possible plight, as you will learn in his good time.

No. 29.

The Same to the Same.

Olmütz, November 10, 1767.

Te Deum laudamus. Wolfgang! has happily triumphed over the small-pox. Where? At Olmütz. At whose house? At the residence of His Excellency Count Podstatsky.

You will easily conceive the commotion which reigned in Vienna after the death of the princess; but I have to relate matters to you which only concern ourselves, and which will show you how Divine Providence connects one thing with another, and how in resigning ourselves entirely to its guidance, we cannot fail in our destiny.

A son of our host in Vienna caught the small-pox just as we arrived, so we learnt a few days later. In vain I sought with all haste another lodging. Everywhere you heard of nothing but the small-pox. Nine children out of ten seized with it died. You may imagine my anguish. I could not sleep of nights, and in the day my wife had not an instant's repose. Immediately after the death of the princess I determined to proceed to Moravia, and there await the end of the first period of mourning; but we were not allowed to depart, because the Emperor frequently spoke of us, and had the wish taken him to see us, it had been vexing that we should have been absent. But directly the Archduchess was seized, I was no longer to be detained by anything; I could scarcely tarry till then to tear Wolfgang away from the thoroughly tainted air of Vienna. We repaired with

all haste to Brünn, where I awaited with my child, Count von Schrattenbach and the Countess Herberstein. But I was inwardly impelled, by I know not what power, which I could not resist, to go on to Olmütz, and put off the concert till our return to Brünn. The Count consented to this.

Immediately on our arrival Wolfgang fell ill. I sought out the dean of the cathedral, Count Podstatsky, who is a canon of Salzburg. Scarcely had I mentioned Wolfgang's illness, and my fear that it was the small-pox, than he pressed us to come and lodge with him, saying that he was in no way afraid of that disease. He gave his orders to his steward, and sent us a doctor. Accordingly we alighted at the deanery; the disease declared itself. It was the small-pox.

* They had left Paris on the 7th of July, and had stayed a fortnight at Dijon, where the Prince of Condé, holding the States of Burgundy, had invited them to take their residence.

† The Mozart family remained quietly at Salzburg during more than a year. Wolfgang devoted his time to a searching study of Emanuel Bach, Handel, Hasse, and of the best Italian masters.

‡ Mozart commenced a fourth tour with his wife, his son, and his daughter. He set out from Vienna on the 11th September, 1767, and returned in December, 1768, to Salzburg.

(To be continued.)

Music in New Orleans.

(From the Pleasure.)

We have another instance of the gross ignorance, or else the willful persistence in misrepresentation, which characterizes the New York press, when speaking of the opera in what they so flippantly call "the provinces," by which they profess to mean Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and New Orleans. One of them, a few days ago, alluding to "the popularity of the opera" in New York, and the "consequent progress of musical taste," said that this popularity and this progress "are not confined to the metropolis." This astute and lofty critic added what follows:

"The provincial campaigns last season proved that it has extended throughout the country, and penetrated from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi. It appears, too, that the provincial city wherein the most advanced taste and appreciation of musical matters has been observed is St. Louis, where there was the most hearty and cordial support of the opera, and a discriminating opinion of the merits of the artists."

Can it be possible that the writer of that paragraph is ignorant of the fact that years before the journal in which he writes was thought of, for years before any one of the theatres or opera houses, in all the cities he has named, were built, there has been a regular first class opera house in New Orleans, open from November till May, inclusive, and in which a good standard company have performed all the operas, as fast as they have been produced, within that time, by Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Boieldieu, Donizetti, Verdi, Adam, and other contemporary composers, together with the master works of Mozart?

While itinerating companies have been going from place to place, New York included, giving short and fitful seasons, of a few weeks duration, at extravagant prices, at Castle Gardens, Astor Places, Broadway, Niblo's Gardens, and Academies, with questionable satisfaction to the public, and almost universal loss to the managers, the Theatre d'Orleans, here, has been pursuing "the even tenor of its way," with a double company of artists, both in grand and comic opera, besides a full comedy, tragedy and vaudeville corps. At this moment there is in course of erection here an opera house, which, when completed, will vie with the best in the world, in every respect, and for which a company is now forming, in every department of the opera and the drama—a regular, not a peripatetic company—that will compare favorably with any "the Metropolis," that so vaunts itself, ever saw.

Some of the singers whom New York audiences have shown great delight in hearing, and whom New York critics have praised without stint, have been stock singers in the theatre we have named. Among these we may name Mme. Devriès and Mme. Colson, of whom New York never heard, until they had made a Paris and New Orleans reputation, and we could name many celebrated French and Italian singers, who had made their mark here, before "the metropolis" had an opportunity of hearing them. The chef d'orchestre of our Opera, Eugène Provost, came from Paris to this city more than twenty-five years ago, with a reputation not only as a musical conductor, but as a composer, that was enviable high, and that he has maintained to this day and still maintains.

The writer we have quoted tells in an amusingly easy going style of the popularity of the opera and

Morning.

11

served, When by His Spir - it sur - rounded, and watched, and guard - ed, One half the world,

served, When by His Spir - it sur - round - ed, and watched, and guard - ed, One half the world,

First and Second TENOR. mp

One half the world, one half the world, When by His Spir - it sur - round - ed, and

mp

One half the world, one half the world, When by His Spir - it sur - round - ed, and

Cresc.

one half the world, and watched, and guard - ed, and pre - served.

Cresc.

one half the world, and watched, and guard - ed, and pre - served.

Cresc.

watched, and guard - ed, and watched, and guard - ed, and pre - served.

Cresc.

watched, and guard - ed, and watched, and guard - ed and pre - served.

Morning.

13

Sempre Più Piano.

The stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing.

Sempre Più Piano.

The stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing, the

Sempre Più Piano.

stars, the stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing, the

Sempre Più Piano.

fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing, the stars are fad - ing,

Sempre Più Piano.

2nd. SOPRANO.

stars are fad - ing.

TENOR.

stars are fad - ing.

the stars are fad - ing.

pp

ppp

Coll. a va

No. 3.

Adagio Maestoso.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Au - ro - ra ris - es

glo - rious - ly, And gold - en glow her pur - ple edg - es, Wooed by the welcome sun's ef - ful - gent

Coll. 8va.

beams, Au - ro - ra ris - es gloriously, And gold - en glow her pur - - ple

edges, Wooed by the sun's ef - ful - gent beams.

the progress of musical taste penetrating from the shores of the Atlantic, (that is, of Manhattan Island) to the banks of the Mississippi; and cites our sister city of St. Louis as displaying the most admired taste and appreciation of musical matters, and giving the most hearty and cordial support of the opera, and discrimination as to the merits of artists, that is, with the exception of New York.

Now to any intelligent sojourner for a season in New Orleans we can, with the utmost confidence, appeal to corroborate our avowal that there is no other city of the Union where there is so marked a taste for, and so enlightened an appreciation of, music, as this. In proportion to our population, there are more well educated musicians, professional and amateur, better vocalists, instrumentalists and teachers, than in any other city of the Union. We have a Classic Music Society here, composed of professional and amateur artists and of musical connoisseurs, who perform the loftiest compositions of the great masters fully equal to any, and far superior to some of the boasted Philharmonics, and other societies, so equivocally supported in "the metropolis."

Music Abroad.

London.

The excitement of this Handel time, we understand, is to be prolonged elsewhere in London than in the Crystal Palace. The promoters of the Handel College, not long ago announced as in contemplation, meditate, as a commencing appeal to the public, a performance on the largest scale in *her Majesty's Theatre*: to which it is more than possible that Madame Goldschmidt will lend an aid by singing. They intend also, it is said, to organize a series of similar performances in the principal provincial towns.

There is only one musical event to be dwelt on this week; all other minor performances (be they ever so superior) dwindling into insignificance before the glory of the Sydenham Festival. Yet a concert or two must not be altogether passed over. *M. Halle's Second Recital* (given yesterday week) was equal to its predecessor. The *Harp Sonata*, as it has been fantastically called, of Beethoven, Op. 29, No. 1,—the *Chromatic Fantasia* and *Fugue*, of Bach, in D minor,—and the *Scherzo* and *Finale* from Weber's *Sonata* in A flat,—were only a part of the attractions of the morning; and were all a "recited" (the verb, nevertheless, is a trifle affected) with as much feeling as finish. Besides this, *Mrs. Anderson* has taken her annual benefit; and that pleasant composer of light Italian music, *Signor Campana*, has received his friends. Of some of this gentleman's newest compositions we have a word to say when matters shall have subsided. *Mr. H. Leslie's Glee and Madrigal Choir*, too, was "up and doing" the night before last. The opera-houses have been crowded, principally by visitors from the provinces,—our foreign friends (as has been elsewhere said) not having cared to come over.

Madame Miolan-Carvalho has arrived in London. —*Athenæum*, June 25.

(From the *Athenæum*, July 2.)

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—After the excitement of last week, a lull in music might naturally have been expected during the present one. Nothing of the kind, however, has been the case. A livelier concert week than the one concluded to-day rarely comes round in London. Possibly after this the storm of music may begin to abate. Yet there has not been much to call for separate notice. To begin with the five concerts of Monday. The three in the morning were given by that fashionable pianist, *M. Blumenthal*, by those estimable professors, *Madame Bassano* and *Herr Kuhe* conjointly, and by *M. Horace Poussard*, a violinist of some merit, less known than the above. In the evening the last *Popular Concert* for the season was made up of master-pieces of classical music, executed by no worse artists than Miss A. Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. Older and more hacknied in point of programme the fifth Philharmonic Concert could hardly have been, with Madame Schumann as solo player in Beethoven's G major Concerto, and Miss L. Pyne and Madame Czillag as singers. The long suffering of an English public has hardly ever been more signally displayed than in the case of this same Philharmonic Society, once the glory of Great Britain. If its directors, by their present apathetic proceedings—curious as an oscillation after their distracted attempt to force on this country the vagaries of young Germany—succeed in utterly destroying it, no blame can, assuredly, be laid at the door of British forbearance.

The "last subscription concert" of the *Vocal Association*, given on Wednesday evening, was advertised as in aid of the funds of the Handel College, thus amounting to the first move made by the promoters of that establishment.

As a choir, the *Vocal Association* has some very fresh and tuneful voices; but they sing undecidably: nor can it be otherwise under such ceaseless change of conductors, Mr. Benedict being compelled this season to delegate his duties now to Herr Goldschmidt, now to Mr. C. Horsley. There were some good things at this concert: a romance for the violin by Beethoven, played to perfection by Herr Joachim; some clever singing by Mlle. Artot, who, with that voice and execution of hers, ought to become more than a clever—a first-class—singer; and a meritoriously steady rendering of the dancing shadow song from M. Meyerbeer's new opera by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. It loses meaning, though, by the absence of the glimmer and gloom of the stage.

On Thursday, *M. M. Lefort and Engel* gave a chamber concert in company, the programme of which comprised one of those drawing-room operettas which of late have become the fashion in Paris. *Madame Lemmens-Sherrington*, too, took her benefit; also *Miss Armstrong*; and *M. Halle* gave the last of his choice and attractive *Recitals*.

The *Musical World*, in concluding its notice of the "Monday Popular Concerts," traces back their history, as follows:

The idea seems first to have originated in the early part of December, 1857, when the Cattle Show visitors were regaled with concerts of no higher pretensions than those formerly projected by Mr. Stammers at Exeter Hall, although supported by artists of the first ability. To Miss Arabella Goddard are we indebted for the first infusion of the classical element in the shape of Mozart's *Air Varié*, which was so well received as to justify the idea that it was not necessary to dose the public with trivialities and commonplaces, as they were capable of appreciating better things, and so at length a classical series was inaugurated on February 14th, 1848, by an entire programme of Mendelssohn; February 21st and March 9th were allotted to Mozart; February 28th, to Haydn and Weber; March 7th, 21st, and 28th, were absorbed by Beethoven; and April 4th was consigned to Bach and Handel, in all, eight concerts. During this series—besides a large number of vocal pieces, solo and concerted—were heard the following important works. *Quintets*—in B flat, Mendelssohn; in G minor, Mozart; in C major, Beethoven. *Quartets*—in D major, Mendelssohn; in C major, Mozart; in C major ("God save the Emperor"), Haydn; in F major, ("Rasoumowsky"); C minor (Op. 18) and E flat (No. 10), Beethoven. *Sonatas for Piano and Violin*—in F minor, Mendelssohn; in B flat and D major (Nos. 14 and 7), Mozart; in G major (Op. 30), and A ("Kreutzer"), Beethoven. *Trios*—in G major, Haydn (piano, violin, and violoncello); in E flat, Mozart (pianoforte, clarinet, and viola); and in G minor, Weber (piano, flute, and violoncello.) *Sonatas for Pianoforte alone*—in C major (dedicated to Haydn), and in C minor (*Pathétique*), Beethoven; besides Mozart's *Tema con Variazioni*, in D, for pianoforte and violoncello; a selection from Weber's "Chamber Duets," for two performers on one pianoforte; Bach's *Fuga Scherzando* and Grand Fugue in A minor, for pianoforte *solus*; Handel's *Suite de Pièces* in E major, ditto; Bach's Pedal Fugues in E flat and G minor; Handel's Concerto, No. 3, and Prelude and Fugue in F minor (*Suite de Pièces*) for organ *solus*, &c.

A second series was commenced, April 18th, with a fresh selection from Mendelssohn. The 25th gave us a specimen of English composers, comprising G. A. Macfarren, Henry Smart, Pinto, J. W. Davison, Sir Henry Bishop, E. J. Loder, Howard Glover, Barnett, Sterndale Bennett, and Balfe; May 2d, more novelties of Mozart; the 16th, Schubert and Spohr divided the honors; the 30th, Beethoven reigned supreme (those who heard the "Kreutzer" are not likely to forget it); while the 14th and last brought the series to a most brilliant close with the choice programme to which we have already adverted. Not only has the general character of the selections been marked with the utmost taste and discrimination, but the choice of artists to whom the execution was entrusted has been equally felicitous. Among the instrumentalists we have had Miss Arabella Goddard, Charles Hallé, Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, Joachim, Wieniawski, Sainton, Blagrove, Doyle, Ries, Piatti, Lazarus, Hopkins, Best, &c.; while the vocalists have included Mr. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, Thomas, Santley, Fedor, Mesdames Enderssohn, Dolby, Palmer, Jefferys, &c., with many others whose names want of space alone compels us to omit.

Paris.

The following edict has come from the office of the Minister of State in Paris, date May the 31st: "1. Every example of the *Normal Diapason*, appointed by the ministerial decree of the 22th of February, 1859, must be distinguished by an oval stamp of verification, two millimètres in breadth and ten millimètres and a half in height, representing a lyre, with two letters, D and N, "Diapason Normal." Only the tuning-forks thus stamped can be considered as exact, or of official authority. 2. The verification and the affixing of the stamp will take place (without expense) under the superintendence of M. Lissajous, Professor of Physical Science in the *Lycée Saint-Louis*, especially appointed for this purpose, and in a locality belonging to the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Declamation, where the model Diapason is deposited. 3. Only tuning-forks in soft steel, with parallel branches, conforming to the model in the Conservatory, are to be thus stamped. 4. The present decree will be registered in the General Secretary's office." Who shall answer that these forks, audited, seen, and approved, and stamped by M. Lissajous, shall keep their normality, if one goes to Algiers and another to La Rochelle! Mr. Hallah distinctly told the meeting at the Society of Arts that two of his forks, precisely identical when tried in the same temperature, varied sensibly when exposed to different heats, and more, that they did not recover easily, if at all, from such variation. The whole matter, we suspect, may prove a scientific amusement rather than a practical improvement.—*Athenæum*.

Germany.

The German Opera season, at Vienna, untouched, apparently, by Magenta or Mincio matters, has, by this time, commenced. Herr Schönbrunn, formerly a lieutenant in the Austrian army, was to make his appearance on the occasion, oddly enough, not in a German opera, but in "Zampa," a French opera translated. Herr Stuntz, one of the valuable, but somewhat mediocre *Kapellmeisters* of Germany, whose ponderosity has been the one excuse for the outbreak of Wagnerism, and who held office at Munich, has just died, at an advanced age. The son of Carl Maria von Weber is about to issue a new edition of the literary works of his father, preceded by a biographical notice. This, if well executed, should be full of interest; Weber's life having been full of vicissitude.—*Ibid.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 30, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata, "Morning," by FERDINAND RIES.

Festival of the Schools.

The sixty-sixth annual festival of the public schools of Boston was held last Wednesday afternoon, and was essentially a second trial, with improvements, of the admirable plan initiated last year, of making it a Singing Festival, in the Music Hall, twelve hundred children's voices joining in unison in some fine old chorals, as the central exercise and point of interest.

Happy were the hundreds who could gain admission to so rare a feast of eye and ear and soul! Of course the audience room was very limited, after providing as was necessary for the 350 medal scholars and their parents, for all officially concerned, for educational citizens and visitors; of course there could be no other plan than that of invitation through members of the Festival or School Committees, and therefore no complaint. But happy they who saw and heard! It did one good to be there. It was an experience of raised community of feeling, of high and beautiful suggestions, of promise of a better future, of all in fact that childhood in its purity and hopefulness and freshness; that education, revealing the beauty and the wisdom of its still and year-round processes in one of its annual blossoming times;

that Music, type and language of all spiritual and social harmonies, the only universal language and best type of unity, could offer in a favorable hour. It was a joyful, a religious season. The arrangements were essentially the same as last year. There was the same flower-pyramid of bright-faced, happy children, rising in ranks from the stage to the upper balconies, into the ends of which the heads of small boys overflowed like berries overheaped. There were the same fairy white dresses of pretty girls, innumerable, relieved with all prismatic colors, and fans fluttering like butterflies, filling the great central and receding spaces, with an opening to the bronze Beethoven, flower-crowned, in the centre, while the boys formed the outer wings (in sombre shadow) in front: the whole in shape and variety of color resembling a huge parti-colored pansy blossom. The whole number of children was *twelve hundred and thirty-six*. Of these more than two thirds were girls, a great majority, yet hardly great enough to balance the overwhelming strength of the boys' voices. The stage end of the hall, besides such living decoration, was furthermore enriched by fine portraits of Washington, Franklin, and other venerated personages, from the Athenæum. The auditorium, as before, was decorated by flags and wreathed inscriptions, bearing the names and dates of the schools, of their founders, of the mayors of the city, &c.

After a good organ voluntary by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, the exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. GANNETT; and then, under the direction of Mr. BUTLER, one of the music teachers in the schools, the great choir of children chanted in unison the Lord's Prayer, to the same old Gregorian Chant on three notes as last year. It went as one voice, precise and impressive; but falling as the three notes do on just the strong part of the boy's alto register, their loud and *blatant* voices nearly drowned the girls. Would it be possible, by directing constant effort to the point, to train boys not to shape all their notes in this way —, breaking off at the extreme of loudness, but to round the tone gently off, which is the difference between singing and shouting?

Dr. J. B. UPHAM, chairman of the Festival Committee, and originator of the plan, then rose and, in behalf of his associates and of the city, welcomed the audience, as follows:

REMARKS OF DR. J. B. UPHAM.

It becomes my duty and pleasure, in behalf of my esteemed associates and of the city, to welcome you all to this recurring festival and jubilee of the public schools of Boston—the last, as it is also the brightest and best of that long series of literary festivities of which, at this season of the year, our favored city is the centre.

To be sure, it has become a question which arises anew and in full force to-day—Why this carnival of letters and of learning must, of necessity, come in the very heat and high noon of summer! But that is a matter, perhaps, neither for you nor me to attempt to solve. There may be, and for aught I know, there is a significance in this fiery trial of our faith in the institutions planted by our fathers amid difficulties and dangers. And—if so—when I look around on this large and intelligent and interested assembly, I hazard not much in saying that *faith prevails*: the great legacy, now in the hands of the children, is *safe*.

Seriously, however, the present is an occasion of which we may well be proud. It is peculiarly and above all others the day of rejoicing and of triumph to our good city, for it commemorates that on which her glory and her prosperity mainly rests—the success of her large and liberal system of popular education. Suffer me, in prefacing the time-honored exercises which belong to the hour, to dwell for a single moment on this familiar theme.

We read, in the early chronicles of our Puritan forefathers, this record:—That after God had carried them safe to New England, and they had builded their houses, provided the necessities for their livelihood, reared convenient places for religious worship, and settled the civil government, the next thing they longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity. So did our pious ancestors. So, also—to their honor be it said—do their wandering sons and daughters, in whatever distant land they take up their abode. Thus, in the very infancy of the New England colonies, was founded and established, by our fathers, a well considered system of public instruction—for, with them, "to long for and look after" was speedily to accomplish. This system it is which, essentially the same in its elements, has come down to us unimpaired in the lapse of more than two hundred years. How well it has fared at our hands, let the friends of education and virtue in this and other countries attest.

I cannot forbear to quote, in this connection, the words of the learned and accomplished Lord Ellesmere—to whom all the scholars of England and America are indebted for his masterly exposition and classification of the multitudinous tongues of those races that speak a language either directly or remotely kindred to our own; and who, a few years since, it will be recollected, chanced by a happy coincidence to arrive in Boston on the day of the annual School Festival in Faneuil Hall. Said this noble and distinguished representative of Great Britain, on the occasion I have referred to, in graceful allusion to the influences of this system of universal education, in perpetuating our institutions, and our name and existence as a nation—"If, in the Providence of God, England shall one day become like the land of Egypt and Assyria, *non omnis moriar* is the exulting thought; for I feel that the history, the language and the intellectual feats of my country will still survive on this side the Atlantic."

But while, with an honest pride, we glory, as it is our privilege to do on such an occasion as this, in our present prosperity, and rejoice in its just appreciation and acknowledgment in the high places of the earth—let us not be unmindful of what yet remains to be done. It is a maxim, as true now as when the great Roman Orator first gave it utterance—"a difficult thing, indeed, it is to attain to eminence—harder still, to keep and hold it when gained." The foundations of this fair fabric have, it is true, been laid deep and sure—and the superstructure reared ready to our hands. Be it ours to guard and sustain it—to consolidate, and strengthen and perfect—to enlarge, to beautify and adorn.

But I must turn abruptly from these considerations, on which I would gladly linger. The last year witnessed the inauguration of a change in the mode of conducting these festivities. Instead of the old Faneuil Hall, with its patriotic memories and associations, this ample arena, reared and dedicated to Art, opened not less appropriately its friendly portals for your reception; and, for the grosser materials of the feast, were substituted the choral strains of this vast choir of unison voices, which you have again before you to-day. It has been determined by the School Board—I think wisely—to attempt a repetition of the experiment on a similar scale; and, although I hope soon to see established a *separate and distinct* exhibition of the musical department of the public schools, I also trust that the beautiful and impressive scene before us now may henceforth and forever form, if not the prominent, at least a considerable, feature of this most interesting anniversary.

As may reasonably be supposed, to fitly furnish forth this portion of the feast has involved no little amount of care and preparation; and I take this opportunity, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, and the School Board they represent, to extend their heartfelt thanks to the worthy Superintendent of the Schools—to the masters, who, in this season of their most arduous labors, have so generously cooperated with him and with us—to the faithful and efficient corps of instructors in music, and to these chorister pupils, one and all, for their earnest and patient endeavors in bringing again to so happy a consummation this most difficult, as it is also the most delightful, of all the exercises and duties that are crowded into this one eventful day. For this, I say, in behalf of my valued associates and in their names, I sincerely, cordially thank you. The whole audience, I am sure, joins with me in this feeling and expression.

These forms and semblances of the great, the wise, and the good—though their lips be sealed—look down their approbation upon you from the canvas. And, great master! presiding genius and High Priest in this Temple—standing never more appropriately than now, crowned and garlanded in the midst of this garden of fresh young life, who in thyself embodyest all

of that divine art this day thus dignified and ennobled—I seem to hear from the breathing, speaking bronze thine approval and benediction.

And may you all find your full reward in the consciousness that you have yourselves participated in, and shared in giving to this vast and sympathizing audience a foretaste of that pure enjoyment which, we are assured, enters into the happiness of heaven.

The good Doctor, who has certainly made himself very popular with the children and their parents by his unwearied efforts in this cause, was repeatedly cheered; the Germania Band, (with reeds and softer instruments as well as brass, for a refreshment), played with exceeding delicacy and fine blending of the tone-colors, a very pleasing piece, and the Rev. Dr. ROLLIN H. NEALE, was introduced to the audience, who commenced as follows:

REMARKS OF REV. DR. NEALE.

There was a German gentleman among us a few months since who was without a breast-bone. His heart, like that of a true, honest man, lay exposed. Our friend Dr. Upham, who pushes his researches in science in every direction, seized this opportunity to sound more fully the depths of the human heart, and by an exquisite contrivance, ascertained and measured its beatings with scientific accuracy. By some telegraphic apparatus he is able not only to put its spontaneous operations upon paper, but to set them to music and the ringing of bells.

I think he must have been adjusting a similar machinery in our schools. His singing comes from the heart. It reminds one of the time when those precious words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," came not from the lips merely, but from the heart of the Swedish songstress in notes almost divine.

Not only the hearts of the children, but the heart of nature herself seems open and smiling on us to-day. The clouds and mists of the morning are removed, and all is light and cheerfulness and love, and though we have no ocean telegraph, yet good news comes to us, just in time, across the sea. As when the star of Bethlehem arose, the temple of Janus is shut. Street music fills the air, and angels are singing, "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth and good will towards men."

I have no wish, I am sure, to mar the beauty and symmetry of this our mortal frame. But I have sometimes thought the breast bone was an annoyance. You meet it on 'Change; you find it too often in the social circle, and in the sphere of progressed friendship. Many a heart is like that of Daniel's image, partly iron and partly brass.

Hence we become alienated from one another, when we ought to move and breathe in one atmosphere of love,

Where each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
Where sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

It is the heart which more than all agencies combined, contributes most to the beauty, the comfort, the efficiency of man in every department of life.

The Rev. gentleman proceeded, in his own hearty manner, to illustrate his point by anecdotes of the heart eloquence of Webster and the lamented Choate, and concluded happily with telling the children to make the most of their vacation and not to waste it in anxious studies.

Next, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN stepped to the conductor's stand, and the children sang, with organ and orchestral accompaniment, the beautiful plain Choral: "Let all men praise the Lord;" the first stanza by girls' voices only, whose soft, sweet quality of tone, well modulated, swelled and diminished, was in great contrast with the *blatant* boy blasts as above. Then the boys joined with them, adding a reedy strength and richness to the tone-mass, like the coming in of the trumpet stops and mixtures upon the flutes and diapasons in an organ. Chorals, so sung, by so many hundreds of fresh, youthful voices, fall on the ear and on the soul like a broad, rich, soft, refreshing rain; the heart is glad and grateful the while, and one is inly strengthened. The

chairman then introduced RICHARD WARREN, Esq., President of the New York School Board, and formerly of Boston, who spoke at great length, earnestly and well; only a long speech from the very angel of eloquence would have been too much for a time so full otherwise. We have room for but a portion of his remarks.

REMARKS OF MR. WARREN.

* * * * The glory of America should be—in that she, in theory, at least—claims to provide every child with a good education. The pride of your city, sir, is in her public schools. The true theory of Christianity is, that all men are children of God,—the true theory of the Fathers of our Country, was that all men are equal. But, in only one institution of our land, do I really see the attempt to make that theory practical. Not in the church, as yet; not in the halls of legislation, as yet; not in social life; but only in the Public Schools. There indeed the poor and the rich meet together; there is universal brotherhood; there the child of the most gifted, either in money or in talent, and the child of the day laborer, however poor, sit on equal terms; there alone fidelity finds a sure reward, regardless of the position in outward circumstance of the student; there the children born here, or in another land, meet on common ground; and in your city, Mr. President, the privilege is granted to those who have a darker skin than is usually to be seen to elevate themselves as human beings; to cultivate the talent entrusted to them by Him, who is no respecter of persons.

What but the education of the whole people, is to preserve to those who shall succeed us, the glorious freedom and the free institutions, which we have inherited from our fathers? That education must be large, liberal, expansive. We must embrace all subjects that the past has offered—and it must be ready to receive all new light that science shall reveal. That education must be free to every child: it must be provided for every one, by no mean appropriation of the public funds, but by a generous outpouring; so that, whatever is imparted shall be of the best kind, and given through the best instructors who are to be found. Sir, the office of a school teacher is to stand hereafter in greater honor, than it has done heretofore. I place the teachers of the youth of our land, be they of either sex, on a pedestal height above politicians, or legislators. They, surely are to form the hereafter of this country. Did they fully comprehend what a mighty power each one of them can wield; did they see how they are training up for all after time, men and women, who are to be rulers, who will in mature years look back on the instruction they are now receiving, and know then whether it were right or wrong; did they all feel what a tremendous responsibility rests on them, they would labor more earnestly than they even now do. I can have but little respect for the teacher who labors only for the support to life that is afforded. That should be liberal; it is the best tax a man pays; that should be sufficient to compensate for daily labor; for head work; for hard work; but yet none should enter the list to rear an immortal soul, without a high idea of the magnitude of the office, nor without feeling that, great as is the task undertaken, greater is the responsibility attached to it. I place, as I remarked, the school teachers on a high elevation—for without them where will the great and mighty men come from? Behind the colossal intellect of your Webster; ere the splendid scholarship and the beautiful thoughts of your Everett shone out; before Choate could electrify the multitude; ere your Sumner learned the great lessons of man's right and man's duty; ere Prescott could write with power to move multitudes, or before your Winthrop, your Phillips, your Hillard, or your thousand others could make their mark in the world; before a Banks could rise from the shop to his governor's chair, or a Wilson could leave the humble seat of the shoemaker to take his seat in the senate chamber—precedent to all these, there labored, with each one of them, the teacher. Into their young minds was cast the seed that took root and sprang up to bless the world, and to prove man's capacity. So is it today. On the benches, in your schools, in the schools of my city, and in every city and town where such institutions are, there are giant intellects now being fed and nurtured by the teacher; and the future of our country shall be guided by the scholars of our public schools more than the past has been, and beyond what the present is. Honor then from every one to the faithful teachers! Let sympathy be extended to all of them—and gratitude too. And in particular to woman. I base the future welfare of my country on her faithfulness. Never, in this land, had she such an opportunity as now. Her influence is immeasurable. In her hands is the destiny of all coming time. She is to mould

by her teaching, by her example, those ruder natures which come under her influence now. She is to make the State and the nation great. Be she teacher; or be she scholar; or in whatever position she is, by

"Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions,"

she will mould the men of the coming generation to a high idea of truth and right, or to a low standard of mere political expediency. The female teacher, in our public schools! I bow, in reverence, to such as are faithful to those who are in their charge. Nearly one thousand are engaged in the duty in the city where I live, and could you, sir, have looked upon five hundred of them gathered together, last week, all arrayed in robes of white, as they met for their annual gathering, you could almost believe they were a company of the angels come down to earth to take care of the little ones,—the lambs of the flock.

Has not the scene we have this day witnessed been sufficient to gratify even the misanthropist? How beautiful is the feature of music introduced into our schools! Music than which nothing is more elevating. What gladness it sends into every heart, especially when it ascends from these hundreds of little ones! I would advise any one, if he rises in the morning in a melancholy mood, dissatisfied with the world, disposed to complain, and find fault, to enter one of these school houses when the children are, like the birds in the trees, sending out their notes, as they sing their morning song. It is an ennobling service, as well as a pleasant variety; and I cannot conceive it possible for any one, who has heard this exercise in the schools, to make complaint of it, and in an unkind spirit speak words of condemnation of it. I don't know, sir, how far you carry this exercise of the schools in your city, but in New York every school is opened with prayer and with song, and in nearly 200 rooms, from 50,000 voices at the same moment, rise the glad notes of our children. All evil desires are by this checked; ill-feeling is subdued, and the little ones go with cheerful faces and kindlier hearts from such a service to their studies. It has come to be an indispensable part of popular education. The future generations shall be much more a musical people than any of the past have been, and thus this beautiful science shall elevate the people; from the school benches children and youth shall enter the true church of God, and sing His praises there, mingled with prayer and teaching.

So, Mr. President, a true education in our public schools should include all that is beautiful as well as the useful; all that will make the child happy as well as learned; all that shall elevate the mind that is being instructed. There is time for all this.

Next rose the girls of the High and Normal School, who occupied the lowest seats in the pyramid, and who, after a rich instrumental introduction, sang, (in harmony, in three parts) a very beautiful and impressive *Sanctus*, which bore testimony to the superior special training which that school has enjoyed for some months under Mr. Zerrahn. The richness of this piece was in fine contrast with the choral unisons. Then was sung the best of all the Chorals: "A strong castle is our Lord," by Martin Luther, with admirable effect, by all, the contrast of loud and soft passages, and other shades of expression being quite successfully secured. But the most popular piece, which had to be repeated, was an adaptation of the prayer from "Moses in Egypt," with orchestra, but sung in unison; the High and Normal girls singing the *solis*, answered by all the girls in chorus, and the boys also joining where the minor changes to the major, with an inspiring effect. This was well for a variety; but give us still the Chorals for the staple of the programme.

A brief and pertinent address was then made by his Honor, Mayor LINCOLN. We let the *Daily Advertiser* tell the rest:

Then came the prettiest feature in the active part of the proceedings. It was first necessary to marshal those of the medal scholars who were among the chorus from their elevated seats upon the platform, into the corridors, where they were presently joined by their associates in the honors of the day, who had been sitting in the front seats of the first balcony.

This having been effected, the procession started in its progress across the front of the platform, ascending and descending by temporary staircases erected for the purpose;—the band meanwhile discoursing splendid music. The procession was led by a beautiful girl, from the Bowdoin School, we believe, who marched with a truly queenly step, and well might any queen be proud of such a following as hers. As the procession crossed the platform, the medal scholars were each separately introduced to his Honor the Mayor, by their masters, who accompanied them for the purpose. The fair and gallant recipients of the medals were greeted by his Honor with a smile, a cordial grasp of the hand, and received from him a bouquet. The masters, also, received bouquets, expressly designated for them by name by cards thereto affixed. The members of the school committee, likewise, we believe, receive still more magnificent bouquets, which, lest they should waste any of their sweetness on the desert air of a public room, are delivered to them at their private residences. This small piece of comparatively harmless impropriety, is perpetrated, we suppose, that the Scripture may be fulfilled which saith that no ceremony however simple, innocent and charming in itself shall be performed under the auspices of any municipal government, unless there be somehow a taint of jobbery attached. The flowers were fresh and beautiful. They were furnished by Mr. John Galvin, Superintendent of the Common and Public Squares. There were three hundred and fifty separate bouquets, and after the medal scholars and masters were all supplied, a few remained which were very appropriately distributed among some of the young ladies of the Girls' High and Normal School.

The procession returned to the balcony, where a second row of seats was cleared of spectators by the ushers, in order to show room for the whole number of medal scholars, now reinforced by those who had at first sat upon the platform. "Old Hundred" was sung, the audience joining by request in the last stanza, which was given with literally tremendous effect,—organ, orchestra and perhaps five thousand voices uniting in the peal. A benediction from Rev. Dr. Gannett closed the proceedings; the children were dismissed for their summer vacation, and the audience dispersed at about a quarter to seven o'clock, having been most agreeably entertained for two hours and a half.

So ended a most successful Festival. Further comments we must reserve; only adding that the Committee of Arrangements of the School Committee consisted of the following gentlemen: Dr. J. Baxter Upham, Hon. John P. Putnam, Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, Farnham Plummer, Esq., Rev. S. K. Lothrop, Dr. T. M. Brewer, Dr. William Read, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, E. B. Dearborn, Esq., and Dr. Le Baron Russell. These gentlemen are certainly eminently entitled to the thanks of this community.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The want of smaller music halls, for chamber concerts, &c., in our city, is likely to be well supplied. The Messrs. Chickering, in their new building now in the course of erection on Washington St., will have a gem of a hall, that will seat comfortably 400 persons. Another building, just commenced, at the foot of Bumstead Place, is to contain a fine hall which will seat at least 800, and will serve for concerts, balls, and for a supper or retiring room for great Festivals in the Music Hall, with which it will be thrown into connection by an arch-way. Then the place of the old Melodeon will be made good by a new hall in the building to be erected on the same site by the Hon. C. F. Adams. . . . Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer, in Montreal, have opened a magnificent new Music Hall, which was inaugurated by the Strakosch company a few weeks since. A card, signed by the members of the company, (Messrs. Junca, Amodio, Squires, Strakosch, Mollenhauer, and Mmes. Colson and Strakosch) speaks of it as "containing acoustic qualities of the highest order, elegance of construction and comfort for the audience, as well as performers, which render it, in our opinion, the most perfect Music Hall in America." Size not mentioned.

The noble Organ for the Boston Music Hall will probably be finished and set up early next summer. The actual works lie virtually completed now in the manufactory of Herr Walcker at Ludwigsburg. The delay has been owing to the difficulty of obtaining an entirely satisfactory design for the case. A most chaste and beautiful design by HAMMATT BILLINGS has at length been accepted, with the full approval of the builder of the organ. It will be constructed here, under the eye of Mr. Billings. The architecture of the organ provides a noble central position for the Beethoven statue.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 25. — The Jones's Wood Musical Festival was a catch-penny concern, and has done little to popularize out-door musical entertainments among respectable people. The music itself was very good — too good for the audience — which was composed of the lower classes of Germans, of Irish and New York rowdies. Intermixed with the music were circus and pyrotechnical exhibitions, swings, revolving horses, and such attractions.

The Palace Garden, a pleasant place of resort in a fashionable part of the city, offers the only opportunity of hearing decent music in the city. ARTHUR NAPOLEON, the young pianist, is the "star" piece, and with BAKER's excellent orchestra draws full houses.

STRAKOSCH has gone to Europe to get artists for his next opera season. He means to produce Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," with COLSON as the prima donna — CORTESI is also engaged. GAZZANIGA, it is said, intends to return very soon to Europe; GASTIER and MORELLI, the two best baritones we have, are both in this city. FREZZOLINI, I hear, returned to this country without any definite engagement, and as yet has made none. She has however received an offer, securing her twenty thousand dollars for a single season in the West Indies. She is under treatment for her voice and does not intend to sing till late in the fall — perhaps not then.

The Mendelssohn Union recently had a moonlight excursion on the Hudson, to which the music of the society, of DODWORTH's band, and of MILLS the pianist, lent its charms. The excursion was so successful that an encore is contemplated.

No other musical news. TROVATOR.

WORCESTER, MASS., JULY 20. — The spring term of the FRENCH INSTITUTE closed on Tuesday, the 12th inst., with an examination which we were unable to attend, but which is highly commended by all who were present. In the evening a festival was held in Mechanics Hall, where, notwithstanding the extreme warm weather, a large audience were assembled to witness the success of the commendable efforts of the principals of the Institute to introduce a complete system of physical education. The "French Cadets" were reviewed by their drill-master, Col. Goodhue, acquitting themselves exceedingly well, especially in the newly-introduced "bayonet-exercise." The Cadets, and a large number of young lady-pupils then joined in calisthenic exercises, under direction of Mrs. Moore. The appearance of the school was exceedingly fine; the young masters wearing their tasteful uniform, and the misses sashes of tri-colored silk.

A very pretty French divertissement — *Le Corbillon* — tested the facility and quickness of the pupils in speaking the French language; and the exercises were pleasingly varied by the solo-singing of two young ladies and the class singing of the school under the direction of Mr. STOCKING, who has had rare success in training his young chorus. The singing of the children showed unusual attention to perfect intonation, and careful study of the different registers of the voice, the want of which almost invariably mars the efforts of juvenile performers. Mayor Bullock presided upon the platform, upon which were seated several distinguished gentlemen of our own city and from abroad. Messrs. Churchill and Eames, of the Governor's Council, made acceptable speeches, the latter dwelling upon the importance of blending Art-culture with other culture.

The occasion was one of deep interest to all who love children and youth, and who would see them acquiring treasures of knowledge amid such refining influences as cluster around the excellent institution formed by the FRENCH INSTITUTE and the ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. A.

LEIPZIG, GERMANY, JUNE. — It is late in the season for an account of the performances of the Gewandhaus Concerts, yet I cannot pass them by without some notice. The orchestra, than which there is not a better in Europe, has played unusually well. The course consists of twenty concerts, which are invariably given every Thursday evening. Beethoven's Symphonies are more largely represented than any

other; Mozart next; Haydn, Mendelssohn, Gade and Schumann following in regular order. Of "star" singers we have had Mad. GARCIA, DEVERENT, and others, but I am sorry to add, all, to speak truly, have been rather "unbestimmt." Garcia's voice is hard, wiry, and sharp; nevertheless she is popular with the Gewandhaus directors; Mme. Dervient is too old to sing in public. In the rehearsal she attempted to sing a difficult cavatina, but being unable to go through it was obliged to substitute some ballads in its place for the concert. For piano virtuosi, we have had DREYSCHOCK, BUELOW, DUPONT, and others. The former is by far the greatest of the three; he is in point of execution, astonishing. In his playing "God save the Queen" with variations, for the left hand alone, the whole audience rose up on their feet, that they might the better be able to see his magical impossibilities. He was three times encoored, which was glory enough for one night before an audience with whom he is not particularly popular. Dreyshock is unlike any other pianist in this respect: he never fails to bring out new novelties on every occasion at which he appears. Bülow is a rising star; he possesses more poetical feeling, which makes him such a favorite just now in rendering classical music. Dupont is decidedly Frenchy in his style — his music will not bear comparison with that of Herz.

The other pianists have been younger candidates for public favor; among whom, as being the most worthy of notice, I will mention Mr. S. B. MILLS, now in New York. I have seen so many flattering notices of his playing in America, together with some very ridiculous and laughable stories in regard to his romantic marriage, that I cannot refrain from saying a word. He possesses a remarkably good execution, which he has acquired through diligent and laborious study. What he plays he plays surely and well, but his number of pieces is limited. That he possesses the talent which the New Yorkers have awarded him is not strictly true. The professors here have expressed much surprise at the notices which he has received, as they think him no musician, but simply a player of a few difficult pieces.

Of violinists we have had JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and others. The latter pleased me very much; his tone is rich, full, and musical, combined with great execution. He is a young man and is destined to be heard from. He lives in Vienna. The choral performances have been sung by the Pauline choir and the choir connected with the Thomas Church. I have heard the same choruses much better sung in Boston.

The Conservatorium have had two examination concerts this season. They were both fully attended and the music, which is always of the highest order, was creditably performed. The second was honored by the presence of Dr. LISZT, JAELL, and FRANZ. The programme consisted of Trio in A, from Henselt; Duet for piano and violin, from Schubert; two songs and a duet, (vocal); A Violin Trio; a stringed Quartet, from Mendelssohn; Duet for two pianos, from Moscheles; and the great Sonata in A, of Weber's, for Piano. The piano scholars of Prof. PLATY did the best, which, by the way, I am told is usually the case. He is a strict disciplinarian and a most thorough teacher; his scholars must always study lessons well or he does not go to them, consequently they are usually very diligent and get their lessons perfectly. Prof. DAVID's violin pupils, too, are notoriously good. Harmony has the largest number and perhaps the best teachers in the Conservatorium; PAPPENITZ, RICHTER, HAUPTMANN and RIETZ.

Of all the branches, the vocal is the poorest taught. I do not know the reason why it is so, but I do know that every young lady that has attempted to sing in our concerts (every Friday evening) has made a decided failure. It may be owing to the materials, but I think it is deeper seated. No American, I am sure, will come here to learn vocal music; if they do, I pity them on their appearance in public after their return home. English is spoken by all the principal teachers in the Conservatorium. I say this much because I have had several letters of inquiry in regard to it, but I would advise those who are intending to come here to learn the language before leaving home. By so doing they will avoid many inconveniences; and I must add, being cheated, too, for so far as my experience goes, the Leipzigers have few scruples in this matter, and especially towards Americans whom they look upon as possessing pockets full of California rocks. J. M. T.

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A light, pretty song, from the same pen that wrote "Bell Brandon," a ballad, which has passed over the whole country.

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Two very nice Parlor-Ballads for medium voices.

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A celebrated song, with which the celebrated pianist paid homage to Mad. Viardot-Garcia in her palmist days, and which has ever since been a subject of admiration for its graceful, wave-like melody in six-eight time, and its beautiful accompaniment. The air is brought down into the compass of medium voices.

Angel of my dreams. T. H. Howe. 25

The cot at the foot of the hill. J. W. Turner. 25

Two simple and unpretentious songs, which will make friends among young singers. The melodies are good and the sentiment pretty.

Slumber darling. (Dors ma petite.) From Meyerbeer's new opera "Le Pardon de Ploërmel." 35

This is the much talked of "Berceuse" with which Mad. Cabel has created such a furore in her representations of the crazy heroine in the Opera. The piece is written for a pure soprano. Dinorah, who is pursuing a pet-goat, which has run astray, through the mountains, imagines that she holds the tired little fugitive in her arms, and sings her to sleep, entreating the birds to sing softly, and the murmuring brooklet to hush. The whole is charmingly done, and will, no doubt, be much sung during the next season here as well as throughout Europe.

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This is a capital Fantasia in the modern style. The manner in which Mario's air "M'appare" is treated, will more particularly contribute to its becoming a favorite with good players. The piece is very brilliant, even more so than Ascher's and Voss's Fantasias on the same subjects, which have always been thought very elaborate and effective.

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